THE PACIFIC

VOL. LXIII SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL. MARCH 26, 1[illegible] No. 13.

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

PACIFIC
Theological Seminary

BROTHER, MY BROTHER!

The three ghosts on the lonesome road
Spake each to one another,
"Whence came that stain about your mouth
No lifted hand may cover?"
"From eating of forbidden fruit,
Brother, my brother."

The three ghosts on the sunless road
Spake each to one another,
"Whence came that red burn on your foot
No dust nor ash may cover?"
"I stamped a neighbor's hearth-flame out,
Brother, my brother."

The three ghosts on the windless road
Spake each to one another,
"Whence came that blood upon your hand
No other hand may cover?"
"From breaking of a woman's heart,
Brother, my brother."

"Yet on the earth clean men we walked,
Glutton and Thief and Lover;
White flesh and fair it hid our stains
That no man might discover."
"Naked the soul goes up to God,
Brother, my brother."

—Theodosia Garrison.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price, $1.50 a year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific, at 447 Minna Street, San Francisco.

(The editor and manger is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

Entered as second-class matter January 5, 1909, at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

UNIQUE REVIVAL SERVICES IN SEATTLE.

A revival service with several unique features was started by the four central down-town churches of Seattle last week. Some of the laymen in these churches—Plymouth Congregational, the First Presbyterian, the First Methodist and the First Baptist—said to the pastors recently: We will arrange to get the people to attend if you will do the preaching.

Early in the evening of the 17th of March the people of Seattle were startled by a display of brilliant fireworks and exploding bombs. After these had done their work by attracting crowds to the region from which they emanated, invitations were given to a service in Plymouth church, which was crowded that evening and every evening since. After Saturday night the fireworks feature was discontinued, having worked effectively. But preliminary singing and speaking on the streets is kept up.

After the second night the Post-Intelligencer, the leading daily paper, said:

"This revival is rather a surprise to one who has preconceived notions about it from its outward appearance. All the noise and excitement seem to have been exhausted in the firing of the preliminary rockets.

"Within the church there is a quiet earnestness, a determined serenity which makes a long step from the usual meetings of this kind."

No announcement is made as to which of the four pastors will preach at any of the services. That is decided by the pastors just before each service.

No collections are taken. The preaching has been evangelistic and yet without the objectionable emotional. But the people in all the walks of life have assembled in constantly increasing numbers and have manifested deep interest.

Dr. Van Horn of Plymouth Church says: "Never before have so many people kept holy week. Never has the essential unity of the Church of Christ been more sweetly demonstrated. Never have greater congregations listened more appreciatively to the story of the cross."

Dr. Matthews of the First Presbyterian Church lays emphasis on the fact that it has been demonstrated now that a great revival can be conducted in any city by its own pastors.

Dr. Leonard of the First Methodist Church says:

"These meetings have exalted the power, place and usefulness of the laity of the church in purely spiritual work. It has been demonstrated beyond all shadow of doubt that wherever evangelical Christians unite and evangelical pastors do the preaching and direct the work there is no need of importing so-called professional evangelists in order to have a revival of religion."

The musical services in these meetings have been under the direction of the Rev. Ralph Atkinson, the pastor of the United Presbyterian Church of Seattle. Mr. Atkinson was in some of the great evangelistic campaigns conducted by Mr. Moody and by Chapman and Alexander and his testimony is that these meetings in Seattle, led by these pastors and co-operated in a manner rather exceptional by laymen, are stirring the place as profoundly as cities have been stirred in the past by these great campaigns.

Some of the pastors doubted the wisdom of the fireworks feature, but laymen who were leading in the enterprise wanted it, and so the feature was adopted. One pastor has said in explanation:

"There are thousands of persons in the cities, in the belief of the leading preachers of the country, who were reared in Christian homes, taught by Christian parents, and started on Christian lives, but whose early faith has fallen, not into disbelief, but into apathy, in the strenuous commercial pursuits of the present age.

"It is to appeal to those that the churchmen have decided to adopt radical methods, anything in fact to bring them within the portals of the church, to make them at least give religion some sort of hearing. They are used to reading advertisements. The churches will advertise. They are attracted by fireworks. The churches last night inaugurated their first revival service with fireworks. If it were necessary, they would employ a brass band or throw confetti. The means is not the thing, it is the end toward which the churches are looking."

"THE VERY ELECT."

A Memorial of a Highly Useful Life.

A new book, with the title of "The Very Elect," contains an outline of the life of the late President Buckham of the University of Vermont, along with choice selections from his writings. Dr. Buckham was connected with the University of Vermont as professor and president for fifty-four years. At the time of his death in 1910 he had entered on his fortieth year as president, taking that position in 1870, when President Angell left to enter on his long service at the University of Michigan.

The book is edited by John W. Buckham and J. E. Goodrich. Following a brief sketch of his life and some words of appreciation by the editors and others, are several hundred pages of selections from the addresses and baccalaureate sermons made during those fruitful years.

In one of the "appreciations" it is said of President Buckham: "For forty years he molded the character of Burlington and of the state. He went about it so quietly that few realized his power. He set a standard of public speaking and of writing that few college presidents have ever reached."

Professor John Wright Buckham of Pacific Theological Seminary, one of his sons, writes of him: "Few men had a clearer or keener insight into real merit in men and

things. The showy, the cheap, the second-rate, the incompetent in a book, a speech, a sermon, a picture, a building, he instantly detected—and condemned? No, but set aside charitably yet resolutely. And the high and fine standard of excellence which he set for himself he succeeded in arousing in others. He was constantly seeking to lead us all 'to approve the things that are excellent.' To raise the criteria of excellence; to dismiss inferiority and send it to the rear, to make men dissatisfied with anything but the best attainable,—this was the effect, if not the conscious object, of his own purpose and example."

With reference to his statement that "we have come to see that not the material of study but its method and spirit is what fits or unfits it to be a scholarly pursuit," Professor Buckham says: "The true spirit he proceeded to define as humanistic, "that is, that the human in us, or some one of its many sides, may be brought out and made the most of.' Culture itself, which he so loved to praise and to promote, he consistently subjected to the same test. If not human it was not true, and he never failed to place character higher than culture and to honor most the life of the spirit, which he held to be of supreme worth."

It is said that religion was to President Buckham, not a gloomy, ascetic restraint, but a fountain of life, freedom, and hope. He looked on Christianity as allying itself to the prospective, not the retrospective stage of man's life. With Thomas Arnold of Rugby, whom he called "the most earnest and intrepid thinker upon great questions in modern times," he insisted that religion is not a matter of times and places and seasons, but of every day life—"the spirit in which we do everything."

His estimate of the value of religion appears in the baccalaureate sermon on "The Spiritualization of Life." Having as a text the words: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God," President Buckham said:

"Bring me a man whose life has been enriched by the learning of the ages, whose taste is refined by association with the purest thoughts and noblest imaginings of the poets of all time, whose moral ideas have been chastened and elevated by the contemplation of the true, the beautiful and the good, and I will bow my head in acknowledgment of the beauty of such a character. But if the element of religion has been entirely left out, if there is no reverence, no awe, no adoration, no love for the Supreme One as Father, Friend, Judge, Redeemer, Savior, there will be something which I shall miss and the absence of which will go far toward spoiling the character; there will be some grossness, some hardness, some unloveliness, for which nothing else can atone. A character which lacks the religious element wants that which all other traits need in order to come to their best. It is the one thing needful for making along with other necessary things a good workman, a good neighbor, a good citizen, a good friend, a good lover, a good physician, a good lawyer, a good writer for the press, a good business man, a good politician, a good teacher. That which religion gives to all those characters is the element we are considering, and which in a large and vague way we have called spirituality. Is there a man in all history without this element in his character whom any of us would for a moment think of proposing as a model for oneself or for others? We will not be narrow in our conception of what religion is; we will make its scope large enough to include every influence which comes into thought and life from the highest moral source which is to us conceivable. But to set up over us anything lower than the highest conceivable standards, even though we are far from attaining them, is to idealize something less than the best, and that were our reproach and our shame. If there is, if there ever can be, any humanity higher and finer, more lovable, more admirable, than the humanity portrayed in the gospels, commended and urged in the epistles, reproduced in the saints of all the Christian ages, exemplified in one or a dozen or a score of good men and women in every church, whether in Christendom or heathendom, let us search for that as men of old sought for the Holy Grail. But until that vain illusion becomes a reality, let us try to learn from the beatitudes and from Calvary, and from the Mount of Olives, and from the 13th chapter of the Epistle to the Corinthians, and from the 11th of the Epistle to the Hebrews, how to make this life pure, and gentle, and loving, and brave, and resolute, and faithful unto death; and so, ready for such life—the same in kind and degree—as may await us hereafter."

In one of his addresses to a graduating class President Buckham said: "Take your estimate of life and your principle of life from your highest moments. We all are at certain times lifted above our ordinary plane of thought and feeling. There are moments when we breathe a diviner air, and see things in a more revealing light. There are more thoughtful midnight hours. There are seasons of calm weather when our souls become far-sighted Take your views of life and your aims in life from these, and not from times when you are dispirited and perhaps disgusted, when the tones of mockery and unfaith disturb and depress you. Set your watches by the sun-dial and the stars, and not by the fog-bells. Get your estimates of life, not from Zola but from St. John."

So fine and inspiring are these addresses and sermons by President Buckham that we rejoice that his biographers have let him speak so extensively on the pages of this book, three hundred and forty of the three hundred and seventy-two pages being thus devoted.

This book, "The Very Elect," is published by the Pilgrim Press, Boston, at $2 net, postage, 10 cents.

THE THIRD WORD.

A Sermon by Hugh Elmer Brown of Pilgrim Church, Seattle.

Text: Then saith He to the disciple, behold, thy mother! —John 19:27. Those 33 swift gentle years are at end. Jesus is pinioned to the cross by hate and treachery. A motley mob surges round about. There are the amateurs, who are witnessing an execution for the first time, they wait with drawn breath. There are the professionals, who are always fascinated by the gruesome and who have their modern counterparts in the persons who go trooping to a funeral out of sheer curiosity; they wait to see what will happen. There are the Roman soldiers, coarse and rugged men, who are eager to get back to their barracks and revels; they gamble for the garments of Jesus and the groans of the dying are answered back by the ring of the dice in their brazen helmets. There are the scarlet-robed ministers of religion, whose pretensions Jesus has punctured; they give vent to their insolent hate. There are the shallow followers of the crowd who have no solid convictions of their own; they join in the chorus of abuse and pelt Jesus with vile epithets. There—close up to the cross—stands a small group of lovers; they are a tiny patch of blue sky amid black clouds. John, the Beloved, and Mary, the Mother of Jesus, are there. Mary insisted on coming; she must be near her dying Son, no matter what it cost. The eyes of Jesus fall upon her and then in exquisite forgetfulness of self, in a voice mellowed by many

a sadness, He utters this tender third word from the cross. This word is not a noisy sparkling current seen through at a glance, but a mighty river gliding by, ever silent in the middle and only whispering at its edges. Mother love cannot be laid under the microscope and no scalpel can cut into the sense of human sonship which moved the heart of Jesus to speak thus. In gracious awe and tender caution we venture to point out three visions which rise from our text.

(1) We Behold the Crucifixion of Mary.

The venerable Simon said to Mary: "Yea, and a sword shall pierce through thine own soul". A hasty glance at the life of Mary will show us that Simon spoke the truth. From the angelic announcement, from the strange events and from the wondrous surroundings, Mary had every reason to believe that she was to be the mother of the World-Messiah. But as the uneventful years succeeded each other, the glow and rapture of her expectations began to fade. Her son played, ate, grew like other children. Instead of an extraordinary son, she seemed to have an ordinary son; instead of a World-Messiah, a clean and hearty boy. But Mary had the courage of the commonplace; she hoped against hope; she looked beyond the undramatic days to a later day when Jesus should ascend in a thrilling assumption of power. After a long time, His public ministry commenced and Mary expected outward evidences of His divine rank. Here again she was bewildered. Jesus chose crude fisherman for comrades, led a wandering, homeless life, uttered puzzling words. Mary trod a dim and perilous path. And here, finally, at Calvary, Mary beholds Jesus dying the death of a common criminal, His only crown one of thorns, His only kingdom one of sorrow. Her fondest dream, born of heaven, seemed to be lying like a shivered vase upon the floor. Now she feels the sword in her soul. Shrouded with cold mysteries, besieged by doubts, confronted by the curse of the cross, tried with overwhelming sorrow, Mary meets her own crucifixion. She meets it with loftiest courage and continues to believe and love in spite of all the weary contradictions of fact and circumstances. Her own inward ache is swallowed up in her concern for her Son.

(II) We behold the Balm for Broken Hearts.

Jesus committed John to Mary and Mary to John. He charged them to care for each other. He knew that sorrow needs something to do. Grief loves the drawn blind, but over-much solitude embitters grief. Sorrow is sometimes the most selfish thing in the world. Inactivity in sorrow aggravates the ache. Idle tears are apt to keep on flowing. Various are the sources of comfort. Absorbing work for oneself is often a healing agent. Time is another gracious angel of comfort for with its years it can lend a tender glory to the sad past. But the best balm is work for others. Self-forgetful service pulls the ugly sting from sorrow. The surest way to find comfort is by trying to give it. Those who hug their grief double it. After the Cherry Mine disaster the wives of the imprisoned men stood about the mouth of the rescue tunnel, day and night, waiting and mourning. Some went wild under the strain. Many were becoming hysterical. But when the workers directed the women to get a shed ready for the possible reception of the recovered men, the terrible tension was relieved. Comfort was found, where it dwells most abundantly, in ministry.

(III) We Behold the Tender, Glorious Humanity of Jesus.

The first and second sayings of the cross come from the Christ who is consciously the World's Redeemer, whose love descends into any deep and climbs any gibbet. Before this Christ our soul stands at salute,—we worship, we adore. The third word from the cross springs from the heart of Jesus, the son of Mary. It is an outpouring of filial affection. This Jesus—clear and beautiful figure, draws the cross near to us; we love Him. Jesus beholds His own mother; her bosom that nestled Him; her breast that nourished Him; her arms that gave warm security to the sleepy babe; her hand that guided His early attempts to walk; her eyes that watched Him lest He fall when first He tried to go alone; her knees, His first and best altar. She taught Him to talk, love and pray. He had pulled at her dress and leaned against her chair. And now as He notes the anguish written upon His mother's face, a hundred incidents shrined in His soul's deep memory come welling into mind; a thousand tender and reverent thoughts go out and cluster about her. He thought of the silent past and of the days when it had been needful for Him to antagonize her ideals for Him. He thought of the future and hastened to make provision for her by committing her to the care of the beloved John.

This third word sheds a halo over the home. It calls for the consecration of family ties. It calls for heaven about the hearth and Bethany about the board. It is a sermon to the world on the fifth Commandment: "Honor thy father and thy mother". It accents the sublime truths: family relationships are fundamental in human life; filial love is the alphabet of Christian love and filial service is heaven-commanded. It makes supreme summons to us that we place the love of kindred side by side with the love of God; that we recognize that the sanctuaries of the world are not its churches, mosques, monasteries or cathedral cloisters, but the dwelling places where children are born of men and women in holy wedlock. It makes imploring appeal to us who have living mothers to do our noblest to pay back a portion of the huge debt we owe to them. Our own dear mothers kissed our souls awake; built up our lives by theirs; followed us with tireless love. Mothers are the gardeners of the race and their influence beggars all measurement. Sweeter than music, gentler than the caress of the south wind, wiser than a teacher's, more intimate and constant than a father's, beyond all other influences, before them all and stronger than any other, except God's, is the influence of the mother who was ready to sacrifice every comfort for our convenience and surrender every pleasure for our enjoyment. "On the blue mountain of our dim childhood, towards which we ever turn and look, stand the mothers who marked out to us from thence, our lives." As Jesus gave tender thought for His mother, so let us minister to our living mothers.

I love the Babe of Bethlehem—full of wonder and beauty. I love the lad of twelve, burning with the mysterious fires of youth, growing, learning, singing with the joy of life. I love the man of thirty, fighting fiercly for His Kingdom, withstanding those same evil spirits which step out of the dark and demand my soul. I love the Jesus sound asleep in the little boat and the Jesus, dusty and worn, asking for a drink of water. But I love supremely the Jesus, who in the midst of night, desertion, and crucifixion agonies, —remembers with a benediction, His own Mother.

The wisest man could ask no more of Fate
Than to be simple, modest, manly, true,
Safe from the Many, honored by the Few;
To count as naught in world of Church or State
But inwardly in secret to be great. —Lowell.

Hasten the day when all nations shall be at peace in Thee!

STEPHENS AND WATKINS.

Some Added Reminiscences.

I feel quite sure that no one who began to read the tribute in The Pacific of March 12th to David F. Watkins, failed to read it through. An apostle to the Gentiles was Brother Watkins, walking and working in the same spirit and almost in the same steps with his great prototype.

I have some earlier reminiscences of him and his classmate, comrade and co-worker, the martyr Stephens, which no one else now living, I presume, could give, and they seem to me instructive and inspiring.

When, forty-eight years ago, I went to be pastor of our church in Petaluma, I was particularly attracted to a young man just coming out of boyhood into youth, who with a clear, strong voice sang alto in the choir. His bright black eyes, his curling, jet black hair, his expressive face, called forth from me an interest which almost amounted to admiration. On inquiry I was surprised to find him a salesman and, one might truly say, a confidential clerk in one of the larger grocery houses in the city. As I became acquainted with him, I found him, though obliged to early leave school in order to assist in supporting a widowed mother, yet intelligent beyond his years, and bright, fun-loving, social, the very life of any little company into which he could find time to enter.

At length, in a period of quiet but special interest, I was glad to find him at our prayer-meeting, and soon after it was opened, he rose to say that he had found Jesus as his own Savior and wished to enter into service to Him. I remember across almost a half century these words: "I am glad to have found something worth living for,"—as if, a worldly critic might say, a young man in good position, trusted and beloved by his employer, with a fair prospect of becoming associated with him in business, popular with eevrybody and already beginning to accumulate a capital, had nothing before "worth living for!"

I need not say that he was, at the next communion, with about a dozen others, received to the church, or that he became at once a pillar in it. But this did not satisfy him, and he told me at length that he had heard a call from God to preach the gospel. This occurred a few months before our Pacific Theological Seminary began its work, and he and Mr. Watkins were two of the three first students in it. No one of them was prepared, according to present standards or even prevalent standards of the time, to enter upon a scholarly study of the Bible, and much less the mysteries of systematic theology, and I must confess that when, after three years in our infant institution, they presented themselves for examination with reference to approbation to preach, I was sorely disappointed. But one fact became very manifest: both Stephens and Watkins had been baptized with the Holy Spirit. As I seem to remember it, it was a sailor boy, converted in the early days of Bethany Church and guided to our seminary not as a student but perhaps because he had for the time no other suitable place of abode, through whom they were brought to believe in and look and pray and labor for this preeminent gift of the Father. (Acts 1:4,5.)

Not very long before they were to graduate, a much respected member of our congregation at the Third Congregational Church in this city called upon me with an appeal for the Mexicans in the southern part of Lower California, where he was operating a gold mine. I became interested and promised to present his appeal to the Prudential Committee of the American Board. I was much gratified and somewhat surprised at the cordial response which my appeal received. At the same time, Watkins and Stephens heard a call which they recognized as from God to go hence somewhere "to the Gentiles." California could be provided for. They ought to go; and they wished to go together, where Christ had not yet been named. And thus it came to be understood that they were to be the pioneers of this new mission. But before the time for departure arrived, they were brought in contact with a Christian business man who had interests at or near Guadalajara, who reported it as a city of about 80,000 (now reported at 125,000), situated on a high and fertile table land and the capital of a very large and fertile State. He urged them to make this, instead of hopeless Lower California, their field, and we all agreed with them that in this interposition they ought to see the guidance of the Master. And so the Board's mission at Guadalajara was established, and continues to this day.

I am very sure that all close students of the history of our American Board recognized the fact that beyond that of any other of its missions was the speed with which this one came through to its harvest times. As for myself, I did not expect to hear of their having sufficiently learned the language to preach in it, when I began to hear of men converted and a church organized. It is true that, like Paul and Silas at Philippi, they had turned the Guadalajara world "upside down" in their effort to set it right side up, through the pure gospel of Christ, and some New England conservatives may have become alarmed at the speed these young men were making. For the power that comes with the baptism of the Holy Spirit was little recognized in those days, and is forgotten in many churches still; but Watkins and Stephens knew the voice of their Leader and and following found Him mighty to save.

Mr. Doane has told the story of the persecutions which they endured, and of the martyr crown which Stephens received. His mutilated body was brought back to California and interred in the Cypress Hill Cemetery at Petaluma, where he was both born and born again. A modest monument was erected over his grave by voluntary subscriptions gathered at the request of our General Association. The subscription book lies before me now, showing a total cost of $223.85. I feel sure that a detailed story, worthily told, of the gospel pioneering of our brother Watkins, would be, as a missionary brochure, most thrilling and effective.

Meanwhile, those independent churches in Mexico which, but for a bad mistake, involving cruel injustice, made at headquarters, would have been Congregational—worthy members of our felowship of churches: what is to be done for them? May they not be won to us, for our strengthening and theirs, for the conquest of poor, blood-stained Mexico to Christ? W. C. P.

SAN FRANCISCO WATER FRONT.

The readers of The Pacific having been enjoying the rich reminiscences of probably the oldest living Christian worker for seamen in the world.

The old Mariners Church under the ministry of Rev. Jos. Rowell was instrumental in the conversion of great numbers of sailors.

The future speaking of marvelous activity on the waterfront must be faced by the Christian forces of San Francisco and all California.

A new Mariners Church with a new building and an equip-

ment adapted to meet the new conditions, but the same old gospel message, is a crying need on San Francisco's waterfront.

With this in mind such splendid laymen as Wallace Alexander, Robert Dollar, Edward Coleman, R. P. Rithet and others have gone on a board of directors and are willing to give of their time and money to arouse others to do likewise to give to the twenty-five thousand sailors who make this port annually a building dedicated to the religious and social needs of seamen.

The plans call for a four story building on the lot owned by the Port Society on the corner of Sacramento and Drumm streets, costing about $70,000.

No one, unless he has spent time to study the conditions among seamen, can realize the deplorable need of systematic, sympathetic Christian work on our waterfront. No church can reach the sailor. For economic reasons shipowners try to keep the ships at sea on Sunday if possible. Its the church and institute on the waterfront that is going to stay on the job twenty-four hours in the day and seven days in the week that is going to be a great life-saving station.

No class of men in all this country are so neglected religiously as the sailor. The men of the Army and Navy have their friends who have put up splendid buildings for them and a corps of trained Christian men looking after their needs. The railroad men have nearly seven million dollars invested in Y. M. C. A. Buildings, with more than 500 men in the work.

The lumber-jacks are being cared for religiously by the general-missionary societies of the Churches. The other industrial classes have their agencies to meet their needs. The seaman is in a class by himself. Unlike any other class he does not live on the soil, but three fourths of his life is spent out on the deep.

The shore-leave and pay-day present to him then a doubly trying time. With many a man pay-day is his "Waterloo."

The sailor without a single cheerful place to go to on the waterfront when off duty naturally drifts into the glaringly attractively lighted saloon and dance hall, for his social instinct is no less than other normal men. The saloon, what pitiful wrecks she makes of sailors! This afternoon there came into our reading room a man who is one of the best boatswain on the Coast. The writer knows him well as he spends much time when ashore reading in our rooms. I did not at first recognize this cringing shaking apology of a man as the keen thinker and able seaman until I drew near and learned of the shamed man of his week of drunkeness.

No work offers such untold possiblities for saving and helping men as confronts us. With the help of the sailors unions and the shipowners we can list practically every seaman entering this Port and individually reach him.

Eleven thousand, five hundred has been subscribed on condition that we put up a building costing at least $50,000. The writer, John W. Berger, will be glad to give additional data to place upon the hearts and consciences of those interested. A Christian seaman, for years carpenter on the "Manchuria", when she was last in said, "I would rather see the Church rebuilt on the waterfront than anything in the world."

The Port Society (Mariners Church) is the Churches' open door, glad-hand, brotherhood, on the waterfront of San Francisco.

Just now we are placing several thousand pieces of good reading matter aboard the great fishing fleet now assembling to sail for the Alaska waters. Send your old magazines to 58 Sacramento Street.

MORE MEDIEVAL HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

Presbyterians and Congregationalists.

Sixty years ago the American Home Missionary Society was the agency by which these two denominations cultivated the home mission field. So when the first missionaries came to California, they were somewhat mixed. Presbyterians became pastors of Congregational churches and vice versa. In those days, also, the Presbyterians were divided into the "old" and the "new" school, the first holding to a strict rendering of the Westminster Assembly's catechism, and the other interpreting it more liberally. The new school were more in sympathy with Congregationalists, and as neither body had enough ministers here, to form an effcient assembly, they, very naturally, affiliated and held their meetings in concert. Both these united in founding the "Pacific" and the "College of California." They worked together in perfect harmony till their numbers increased, and among the newcomers appeared in both bodies a few who were more zealous than wise, denominationally, and dissension followed, and then separation. It was my privilege to attend their anniversary in Sacramento in the year 1857. Their business meetings were held separately, but otherwise they counselled and worshipped together as one body. There were not enough preachers among them to supply one half of the needy fields, and so there was no occasion for conflict about locations. So the unseemly strifes that have, in later years, disgraced both, and hindered Christ's work, were unknown in those better days. We have with us today two white haired men, Willey and Frear, whose first pastorates in California were over Presbyterian churches, and who came back to their first love after many years of fruitful toil in the other fold, while others remained Presbyterian till God called them home. Would to God that all our orthodox Christians could work in like harmony now, instead of wasting strength in rivalry.

It was at the meeting I have named in 1857 that the General Association (now Conference) of California was organized. It was in the study of the Rev. J. A. Benton, who was afterwards the first Professor in the Pacific Theological Seminary. About a dozen were present, of whom all but myself have gone "where the assembly ne'er breaks up." Two of the aged three who remain and whom all who know them love, were then absent. "I, only, am left"—churches, and the other was absent. "I, only, am left"—not because the others have "bowed the knee to Baal," but they have fought their fight, and finished their earthly work, and their memory is precious still.

Fifty-seven times have I met with increasing numbers of the long procession of Congregational ministers who have borne arms for Christ in California. I am the only person, preacher or layman, who has attended all these meetings, and why I am left God only knows. It all seems to me now, not "medieval" but "ancient"—very ancient—history. All they who sat about Benton's study table and organized the General Association of California were young

men—not a gray hair adorned any head—and it seems to me passing strange that I alone of them all, though older in years than most of them, am waiting here while they have gone over the river and joined the "General Association" of the "just, made perfect." They welcomed me, a stranger, and the stranger alone remains in the old home, while they one by one, have gone where no strangers ever sojourn.

In that early day the Congregationalists had no churches nearer to San Francisco than at Sacramento on the north and Santa Cruz on the south while the Presbyterians had several churches along the bay. These claimed all the bay coasts as their own territory, and it was the desire of the Congregationalists to organize churches of their order at Redwood City and other places that became occasion for strife between the two denominations. On one occasion a Christian invited me to spend a Sabbath with him at Mt. Eden and preach to the people who might gather. Two Presbyterian preachers, Frederic Buel and W. W. Briar, attended the service and at its close Mr. Briar came to me and demanded, "By what right do you come over here to establish a Congregational church in my territory?"—a thing which I had no thought of doing.

Since that time, several Congregational curches have been established on both sides of the bay, while Presbyterian churches have disappeared from Brother Briar's "my territory."

Since then, also, that pleasant and truly Christian fraternity between the two denominations has died, while the "old school" and "new school" Presbyterians have coalesced.

THE GREAT WORK OF A CALIFORNIAN.

A Sketch of David Lub n's Career and What He Aims to Do Now.

In an article in the Boston Transcript, entitled "Lubin —Enemy of the Middlemen," Mary Bronson Hart sketches the career of the man who has organized the world's agriculture. We reproduce the article here in part:

Lubin is the son of a Polish widow who brought him, a child, to New York. From sweated labor, some say at tailoring, some at the plating of chains, the boy escaped to San Francisco, following his sister, who had married Harris Weinstock. At seventeen he came down with the gold fever. And it is to the lonely days and nights of prospecting, when he slept under the stars, that he ascribes the development of an intense spiritual life, an overmastering sense of devotion to some as yet undefined calling. It is possible to sneer at this consciousness of consecration in a man who was to become a successful merchant of vast wealth and an intensely practical man of affairs. But, had not the mystic been strong in David Lubin, it is more than possible that he would never have espoused the cause of the farmer—he who was not a tiller of the soil. And certainly had he not been endowed with more than common largeness of vision he could never have conceived of the economic federation of the world; and, had he not possessed the tongue of an Isaiah, he could never have brought it in some degree to pass.

From this period of solitary musing, when, as a friend has said, "Everything trivial or selfish was burned out of his nature," young Lubin passed to a period of sordid stress. He was almost without money. In Sacramento, over a Chinese laundry and under a cheap boarding--house, he opened a miserable little store. This was a drop from the dreams of the gold-fields and from the visions of a mighty calling in life! The future merchant who could not keep money from rolling in upon him, now had often to dine and sup on hope. For business didn't come down the sidewalk-on-stilts which ran by his shop door.

First Success Through Overalls.

His first success came through overalls. By luck he secured the agency for a particularly good brand. Sacramento was the supply centre for the mining and railway camps and the great ranches. Overalls were in demand and Lubin had a good thing. One day a huge, red-faced ham-fisted Irish railroad foreman clumped down the stilted sidewalk with a business proposition. "You've got th' best ov-ralls that was iver brought into Californy. Ivrybody's got to have thim. Give me tin cints on ivry pair ye sell an' I'll get yes all th' bizness in th' valley."

Lubin knew the man could do it, but he replied, "I'm selling these overalls as cheap as I can and I'll give no rakeoff to get business. Now get out and don't come here for any more goods; for I'll not sell you any."

The foreman flung out of the shop swearing vengeance. "I'll be back, Jew!" he yelled as he slammed the shop door.

Three days later, the young merchant heard the Celtic clump of the same cowhides and behind them a tramping as of an army. The Irishman was back with a score of others as big as himself. The luckless Jew cowered in the darkest corner of the shop, hoping they would think he was out. "Where's the Jew?" chorused the gang.

The big foreman's eyes were sharp. He spied Lubin in his corner, reached over and yanked him bodily out of hiding and pitched him behind the counter. "There he is, byes. There's the Jew. Drag him out and make him sell ye thim ov'ralls. They're the best that iver came into Californy, an' he's th' only honest Jew that iver came out of Palestine. Here, come out an' show the byes yer goods!"

Shaking in every limb, young Lubin got down the de luxe overalls and the foreman sold two pair to every man of the gang. In ten minutes it was all over, Lubin had his money and the inundation rolled on.

That was the beginning of success. Before long Lubin's brother-in-law joined him and the firm became Weinstock & Lubin of Sacramento and San Francisco.

The Man Who Taught California.

But money burned Lubin's pocket. He couldn't get rid of the notion he had something to do in the world. The first thing that attracted him was the wretched plight of the fruit-growers of California. With a climate that flattered the development of a fruit industry to supply the world, California was so isolated, railroad rates were so high, that those who had orchards were getting rid of them as fast as they could.

"Harris," said David Lubin, "I'm going into fruit-raising."

"Nothing in it, David. The pigs eat what they want, and the rest rots."

But David Lubin saw a vision of inundating the markets of the East with a wealth of cheap fruit. He bought fruit lands. People said he was crazy. They are always saying David Lubin is crazy. But watch him!

He began by raising a bumper crop. Then he went to

the Southern Pacific to see what it would cost to get that fruit to the Eastern people whose mouths were watering for it. The rates were prohibitive. He went to headquarters. He talked—we can fancy with what vivid, fiery eloquence, the words tumbling over each other, about a scheme to get the fruit-growers of California to consolidate their shipments so that the railroads could afford to give them the lowest rate, consigning to common agents. Co-operation was his text. "Reduce your rates," he urged, "help them to organize a big co-operative scheme to market their fruit and this fruit business will become the greatest revenue-producer the road will ever have."

Well, we know the result—the California Fruit Growers' Association, the biggest, richest, most powerful co-operative society in the world. It ships to the ends of the earth, dominates markets, doing business to the extent of many millions a year.

And Lubin? Mark Lubin. Having set in motion the wheels of progress, he sold out his fruit lands, pocketing a considerable loss! Money-making could scarcely then have been his aim.

An Improvement in Wheat.

When next one hears of him, he is interesting himself in California wheat. It was good wheat, but for some mysterious reason, though it sold high to distant consumers, it brought scandalously low prices to the men who made it grow. Lubin figured on this and shook his head. Then he went at it by his own peculiar method, bought wheat land and raised a magnificent crop. Armed with samples of his wheat, he went to San Francisco dealers and asked what they would give for it. Sixty-seven cents a bushel sounded small. He was assured it was the market price. Lubin knew that the "market price" with its unforetellable fluctuations was bankrupting the wheat-growers of California. He asked a question which apparently few had asked before. "Who makes the market price?" He asked more than that. He wanted to know what the market really was, and where it was. The dealers jeered. The lunatic actually didn't know that the market was an affair of supply and demand. He fancied it had a physical existence! "Oh, well," they said soothingly, "we don't know who made the price. You might go to the Chicago Board of Trade. We get our quotations from there."

So Lubin hopped on a train and went to Chicago. But they told him the price was not made there. Lubin asked other inconvenient questions. "If I make wheat, why don't I make the price myself? What business has some mysterious fellow in some unknown place to fix the price on my wheat? If I make a pair of shoes or a plow, I don't have to ask what's the price. I'm going to find out where that omnipotent market is, or know the reason why."

Chicago dealers languidly suggested he might apply to the New York Produce Exchange. They got their quotations from there. So the Jew boarded another train and arrived with fire in his eye. To his questions the New York men returned this incredible reply—it had never occurred to them to ask who fixed the price of wheat! They got their quotations every day by cable from Liverpool. That was all they knew about it.

Behold Lubin, therefore, steaming toward the British Isles, a consuming fire of economic wrath in his heart. But, though the Liverpool dealers didn't advise him to apply to Borrioboolahgha, they tried to convince him that nobody made prices, that they were sweetly distilled like the dew and the rain. Lubin decided that the dealers were more intelligent than they looked. He settled right down to investigate them. And, briefly, what he found was this, that a little group of Liverpool men constituted the most gigantic and unprincipled trust in the universe—a trust, not of capital, but of knowledge. This was their simple scheme. Through secret service they gathered in the crop information of the world. They and they alone knew how much of a given commodity was available on God's footstool. An amazingly small proportion of civilized nations gathered crop statistics at home, so that the labor of the information trust was gigantic. But, once they had it, the world was theirs. They had but to give out such word as they chose, say, false reports of frosts and blights, to manipulate the market so as to have all the fun, leaving to the producer only so much as would actually keep him producing, to the consumer scarcely so much as would enable him to keep on buying.

A Clearing House for Statistics.

Was it not magnificent? And was it not incredible that nobody had found them out before? For, once their little game was seen through, the remedy was comparatively easy. Information is one of the few things that can be in a thousand places at once. You can't really corner knowledge. David Lubin saw at once that what a few speculators had done in their own interest should be done on a world scale by the nations for the nations. He saw a vision of a vast clearing-house where the crop statistics of the globe should be regularly charted, both as to known supplies and prospective yields. From thence should go out honest information to all alike.

Lubin is an ardent American. He turned first to the United States, with our already excellent system of crop reporting and weather records. But his statesman's mind told him, No. America has too much to sell. The federation of nations would distrust her, fearing she would tend to inflate prices. England, too, was out of the question, she buys too much and might be suspected of depressing rates. He thought of France and indeed got much support from French economists. But France was absorbed just then in the row over Church and State. Disheartened, Lubin gave her up.

Then Italy occurred to him. He went straight to Rome to preach his doctrine of meeting a big trust with a bigger trust—a fraternal federation of nations. There was a picturesque interview with Professor Pentaleoni, during which, in the flood of his eloquence, Lubin paid no attention to a roughly dressed man who sat silent in a corner. But that man was Guglielmo Ferrero and his published story of Lubin's scheme won for the Jew the scholarly backing of Italy's best. The Californian merchant was the much-sought guest of statesmen. It was not long before Lubin was told that Italy was his. One thing remained—to convince the king.

A more delicious picture than that of poor Lubin, all mind and zeal, with no love of millinery and manners, rehearsing painfully for that interview with Victor Emmanuel, it would be hard to conjure up. He was well coached but in a blue funk, as he was passed down the line of gilded lackeys on his way to the audience. Five minutes was to be the limit on his tongue. "Cinque minute," his mentors reminded, up to the last second.

Business with a King.

Poor Lubin, marching into the jaws of the royal lion,

looked into the face of majesty and saw—a real man! Away went his frills! Striding up to the king, he saluted him man-fashion with outstretched hand. "How do you do, your majesty? My name is David Lubin, from Sacramento, California. I have business that is very important to you."

Victor Emmanuel knows a prophet when he sees one. Noting the fires beginning to burn in the Jew's ardent eyes, he dismissed his outraged attendants and gave himself up to listen. Five minutes! It was two hours later that the audience doors opened. The king came forward with the Jew's hand fast in both of his. He was pledging his private fortune to the cause!

In his summons to the nations to an international concongress at Rome to consider the desirability of international co-operation to obtain official statistics on agricultural products, the king of Italy distinctly stated that the matter had been brought to his notice by Mr. David Lubin. I am glad that he did. For at least one Italian economist indirectly assumed foreknowledge of the desirability of said co-operation after Lubin had ferreted out the information and bearded kings to get it smashed. And in the first congress at Rome Lubin was not a delegate. He worked untiringly to further it, travelling all over Europe at his own expense, interesting publicists and statesmen. The Sorbonne and the British universities were brought into line; German economists were won over by the eloquence (backed by facts) of this wonderful Jew; he had a long interview with the grand vizier of Turkey, Hilim Pasha; the queen of Roumania helped him; Sergius Witte helped in Russia; largely owing to Lubin's propaganda thirty nations were represented at that preliminary congress in 1903. But David Lubin sat in his hotel while the sessions were on, insisting that as he was not a delegate he had no right there.

At the first conference of the International Institute of Agriculture, which met in May, 1905, Lubin, appointed by Theodore Roosevelt, attended as the first American delegate, and he has been the American representative on the permanent committee of the Institute ever since.

A treaty for the establishment and co-operative maintenance of the Institute was ratified by forty-eight nations, including the whole of Europe, Russia, the Ottoman Empire, China, Japan, Persia, British India; in Africa, Egypt, Tunis, Somali, Ethiopia, Italian Erythria, Mauritius; on our hemisphere, Canada, the United States, Mexico, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Salvador, Cuba, Brazil, Peru, Chile, Argentine, Ecuador; Urugruay; in Oceanica, Australia and New Zealand. To house the Institute, Victor Emmanuel built a palace on the edge of what was the Borghese Gardens, setting aside two of his personal estates as a trust, the income to be devoted to its uses.

Tabs on the World's Food.

And results? Not yet are they fully felt. For while all the adhering nations are faithfully trying to perfect systems of crop reporting and estimating, it is not surprising that, with varying calendars and varying methods, it takes a little time to get reports which can be unified and standardized so as to present a survey of conditions wider and more accurate than was ever possible to the zealous Liverpool trust. But order is rapidly coming out of chaos. The bulletin service is extending. Already the world knows better than ever before what its supplies of food amount to and where they are. Already the Liverpool conspirators feel the loss of power. As time goes on, the smallest producer, nay, even the smallest consumer in the world, may know the whole secret of the market at the same moment with the biggest speculator. Market manipulation will be reduced to the lowest terms. No longer shall the man in Liverpool dictate the price of California wheat. No longer will it be true that as Lubin said: "A few men with knowledge rule the world and the world without knowledge is their victim."

The Institute concerns itself with the problem of farm labor, and is at all times prepared to direct immigration where labor is scarce. It keeps data as to wages paid to farm workers everywhere, so that the humblest field hand may know what is a fair wage.

David Lubin is again speaking. And surely by this time we know that when he speaks we should hear. His theme is co-operation, not world co-operation this time, but local co-operation for the farmers of America—co-operative credit systems, co-operative buying, co-operative marketing. In all these things America lags sadly behind Europe, and the Northern States of the Union lag sadly behind the Southern. Washington has caused the whole subject of European credit systems to be studied and President Taft in his letter to the governors warmly advocated the establishment of co-operative mortgage bond societies along the lines of the German Landschaften, commenting upon the handicap placed upon the American farmer by the lack of such credit facilities. Agricultural banks hold the record in many European countries of never having lost a cent. They do one-third of the banking business of Italy. There is no doubt of the immense benefit to American agriculture of the establishment of such banks under Federal guarantee.

Our Farmers to Europe.

Vastly well! But Mr. David Lubin says that official sanction is not going to establish confidence in agricultural credit societies in the minds of the farmers themselves. And after all if the farmers won't trust them, where is the good in co-operative banks? He maintains that some real live American farmers need to be transported to Europe to see with their own eyes what is doing over there.

Hence through the progressive Southern Commercial Congress he has inaugurated an American Commission for the Study of Co-operation in Europe. This commission will sail for Naples on the Saxonia, April 26, and will be officially received by the King and Queen of Italy May 10. For several weeks it will study the subject of co-operation at Rome under the auspices of the General Assembly of the International Institute of Agriculture, which will then be in session. Then the commission will divide up into personally conducted parties to study co-operation on the ground in various parts of Europe.

The plan is for each State in the Union to send two delegates. David Lubin urges strongly that sixty per cent of them be practical farmers. The rest should be expert agriculturalists, economists, statisticians, bankers and business men who will know how to interpret and direct the study of the farmers.

NATIONAL COUNCIL PROGRAM.

The program of the meeting of the National Council at Kansas City in October will include for speakers: Rev. Drs. Hillis, Jefferson, Boynton, Aked, Bradley, Newman Smythe, Raymond Calkins, Carl S. Patton and Prof. Steiner.

Dr. Jefferson will give the sermon for the American Board.

The Rev. Dr. Ainslee of the "Christian" Church is to give an address on "The Unity of Christendom."

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

The Power of Words.

A few words, faithfully spoken, have sent seventeen people, busy and useful at home, from New York to the Philippines. Bishop Brent, speaking on a Sunday evening at Miss Master's school at Dobb's Ferry, said: "Young ladies, tell your fathers the Filipinos need good business men among them to work them, pay them, feed them and be kind to them on their way to civilization and Christianity." Hon. Edward H. Fallows heard these words, or they were reported to him by a beloved daughter. Now he and his father, Bishop Samuel Fallows, with a busy and interested party of seventeen, are studying what their opportunities as business people are and what their duties as American citizens and Christians may be. President Taft was kind and interested in promoting the patriotic and humane excursion, and without any objectionable pushing the friends and friendship of a group of honorable citizens were forthcoming. They hope to reap material harvests in reasonable time, but they promise to give their brethren of the far away islands "a square deal." So rapid has been their progress through many doors open to them that they return sooner than they expect and hope to reach San Francisco on the 21st of April by the steamship Mongolia.

Christian Fellowship on Shipboard.

The party above referred to found themselves on the Manchuria outward bound for Yokohama.

Smooth seas promoted fellowship in games and songs. When Sunday came it was easy and natural to worship Him of whom the book says, "The sea is His and He made it." So Bishop Fallows of the Reformed Episcopal Church read the prayers of the Established Church, and Rev. Mr. Wright of the Free Methodist Church read the Scripture. Father Vaughan, a large-hearted Catholic from the old country, and Bishop Fallows spoke of God's love and care for His children everywhere. A large committee of the "Men and Religion Forward Movement," whom their fellow-Christians of different names are sending around the world to proclaim God's love to men everywhere, and America's care in particular, led the morning song service and conducted an evening gospel service in addition which warmed many hearts. The flavor of true fellowship on God's great sea was so delightful that a second Sabbath of like service was called for after the rejoicing company left flowery Honolulu and approached Yokohama.

I write this notice of a union of worship on the Pacific especially with the students of our Berkeley Seminary in view. The prayer-book helps a service of that kind. It has lasted long in the use of the church. The ship was provided with hymn books and prayer-books. One point of agreement made other points of agreement easier. Will you not think of this, dear young theologues, and make one part of your blessed education the occasional use, for special service, of a well-known ritual? I am sure I would have been a more useful minister had I learned by way in the prayer book. If passengers on a ship are drawn together why may not all Christians often come together when the vicissitudes of life, war, pestilence, earthquake and true revivals of the kind Prof. Buckham writes of in this week's Pacific, occur.

Remember the Blossom Festival.

Not all readers of The Pacific live near flowering orchards. Many do. All know that the Frost King has done great damage in the south. Also that the north has been spared. Fourteen years ago Christian people in the Santa Clara Valley, in the true spirit of the pious people of Oberamagau, instituted a Christian Festival of Blossoms, because Heaven had spared ninety billion prune blossoms threatened by two years of pitiful drouth. The fourteenth annual festival in the lovely little town, March 29, is accentuated by the fact that blossoms have been spared again by frost which only alarmed the people of the north but pitifully hurt the trees of the sunny south. God grant that nature be very kind in the spring healing, that scientific skill and railroad generosity alleviate the burden there. It is always good for the mature and experienced to lead the young in expressions and feelings of gratitude.

A necessary absentee for the first time from this series of festivals which have had an increasing favor with God and men, I send my greetings to brethren and sisters who can go to Saratoga and urge them to introduce their choicest friends to the scene of wondrous beauty. Unusual preparations are making for a pleasant occasion. If anybody of people can surpass the productions and pleasures of the 1st year these harmonious and aspiring Santa Clarans can.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Bernardino.—Eleven persons united with the church on Easter Sunday, three on confession.

Oakland First.—The attendance at the morning and evening services last Sunday aggregated 3200. At a communion service in the afternoon 15 persons were welcomed into fellowship.

Oakland, Plymouth.—The auditorium was not sufficient to accommodate the people who sought Plymouth Church last Sunday morning and evening. Seventy persons were received to fellowship, 32 uniting on confession. Twenty of these were men. Those coming by letter represented seven denominations other than the Congregational: Episcopal, Lutheran, Roman Catholic, Baptist, Christian, Presbyterian and Methodist.

Petaluma.—The attendance of the boys and girls of the Bible School at the 11 o'clock service has been successfully maintained for several months. The pastor, Rev. E. Belden Hart, preaches a brief children's sermon and then expects each boy and girl either to telephone or mail him the text before the following Sunday. Those who have complied with this requirement are put on an honor roll. The children are much interested and keep the telephone busy.

Campbell.—On the evening of Palm Sunday an interesting service was held in the church at Campbell. With the use of a stereopticon a birdseye view of Passion week as told by the world's great paintings was given by Mr. Atkinson. A special feature of the evening service was the display of two shadowgraphs of Christ. They were taken

from the paintings of Christ on the catacombs and date back as far as the second or third century. They are supposed to be the oldest known pictures of Christ.

Los Angeles, First.—Easter Sunday morning the church members began to arrive more than an hour before time, so that the auditorium was full when the service began. There was an overflow meeting at the same time in the parish building auditorium, Dr. Day preaching the same splendid Easter sermon and the choir giving the same beautiful Easter music. There were more than 2100 in both services, and between 500 and 1000 were turned away. —At the Twilight Communion service 40 persons were received to membership, eight coming on confession.

Martinez.—Holy week was observed by holding 4 o'clock afternoon services. Addresses were delivered by the following neighboring pastors in order named: Rev. L. A. Sahlstrom, Bay Point; Rev. A. B. Roberts, Antioch; Rev. C. F. Reed, Walnut Creek; Rev. B. St. John, Benicia; Rev. E. O. Chapel, Crockett. The meetings were well attended and proved very helpful. Recently Dr. C. R. Hager spoke at the prayer meeting on experiences in China. Sunday morning, March 2nd, the pulpit was occupied by Secretary Fisher of the Interdenominational Sunday School Association. Rev. Huber Burr called at the Sunday School March 9th on his way to reorganize the Sunday School at Glen Frazer. A personal workers' class composed of men and meeting once a week has just concluded the study of Dr. Trumbull's book entitled "Taking Men Alive." This class has been studying and working for three months. The men are now engaged in putting Dr. Trumbull's methods to the test. As a result of this work we are looking for many accessions to our church.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Next Monday at 10:45 there will be a union meeting in the San Francisco Y. M. C. A. of the ministers of all denominations, to be addressed by Dr. Shailer Mathews of the University of Chicago.

The Rev. C. C. Kirtland of Lodi has had only slight improvement during the last few weeks. His right side is paralyzed, and it is thought that the sight of one eye is irrevocably gone.

It was a glorious day in Mill Valley last Monday, and all they who attended the out-door meeting of the Congregational ministers and their families had a delightful time. It is to be regretted that more do not avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded each year of an outing which sends its vivifying effects down through many a day. Mr. and Mrs. Miller made the Mill Valley parsonage a place of radiant hospitality for such time as it was desired to be in door, and the lunch baskets and boxes were supplemented by them and by Professor and Mrs. C. H. Ham in such a manner as to give to the lunch a banquet appearance. Mrs. Herbert A. Jump, the wife of the pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, carried away the laurels in the baseball game, being especially proficient as pitcher, batter and catcher. The literary exercises for the day consisted of a paper by W. W. Ferrier, showing the high inspirational value of the poems of John Greenleaf Whittier, and the reading of one of the poems of Richard T. Hovey by Professor Ham.

Remarkable tribute was paid to the worth of the address on the woman suffrage movement in England by Mrs. Philip Snowden in the First Congregational church of San Francisco last Thursday evening. Heartily applauded many times while speaking, at the close of the address so continued was the applause that three times Mrs. Snowden arose and bowed acknowledgment. That was an encore that could be responded to only by such acknowledgment. Mrs. Snowden won for herself and her cause the hearts of all who heard her. She is a suffragist, but not a suffragette, not the militant kind. As long as the women of England were willing to suffer violence but not to commit violence they were united in their efforts for equal suffrage. When some became law breakers they parted company. Women like Mrs. Parkhurst are now on one side; women like Mrs. Snowden, on the other.

AN AGAPE.

We are told that in apostolic times Christians had agapae, or love feasts: simple banquets at which even masters and their slaves sat at the same tables and ate of the same viands, in token of their oneness in Christ. Jude in his 12th verse alludes to these.

Last week this fair ancient custom was revived in spirit, and largely in form, by the members of our Chinese church in San Francisco. No one of them, probably, had ever heard of the ancient agapae: Their love feast came through an impulse all their own.

The series of union evangelistic meetings of which an account has been given in previous issues of The Pacific, had closed. Among those who at these meetings signed cards expressive of repentance and of faith in Christ, fifty-nine had chosen our mission and church for their spiritual home. Now when on last Friday afternoon I went for my usual two hours of Bible study with our missionary helpers, I found the chapel occupied: tables were being set up and covered, and other preparations for a banquet were rapidly moving on. In response to my look of surprise, I was told that our brethren wished in this way to welcome the newcomers. And a right happy welcome it was. The chapel was made specially brilliant by about twenty Chinese lanterns lighted by electricity and with the flags of the two great republics—American and Chinese. The American order was reversed. The feast of reason and the flow of soul came first. When the guests and others were seated, every inch of space being occupied notwithstanding the heavy rain, there were soup and prayers and fine brief addresses under the direction of a skilful leader—toastmaster, perhaps we might call him. Then as the viands were brought on came some fun led by a bright brother, and greatly enjoyed by them, being all present but two or three to whom the Chinese language is the mother tongue. The viands were Chinese and the service was Chinese, both simple, but perfect after their kind, while over all and through it all was the aroma of brotherly love.

W. C. P.

WASHINGTON.

Seattle.—The Rev. E. D. Weage has resigned the pastoraee of the Columbia Congregational Church, having had there a successful work for nearly eleven years.

Walla Walla.—President Penrose of Whitman College spent a few days last week in Portland in the interest of the funds necessary to obtain the recently voted gift of $125,000 by the Rockefeller Foundation.

Seattle.—The first of May the Rev. Wilfrid Withington will enter on the chaplaincy of the State Reformatory at Monroe. Mr. and Mrs. Withington are now in California where Mrs. Withington expects to remain for the summer.

Snohomish.—The Rev. R. M. Pratt has resigned at Maltby and allied places and has entered on the pastorate at Snohomish. The Rev. L. L. Woods, formerly pastor at Snohomish, and lately at Clear Lake and McMurray, goes to California to reside.

Monroe.—The Rev. M. A. Frost closed his work at Monroe last Sunday. This week Mr. and Mrs. Frost leave for San Diego, near which city they will visit for a time Mrs. Frost's parents—the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Waterman. Mr. Frost will supply during April at Escondido. During his pastorate at Monroe which has extended a little beyond two years 38 have been added to the church, nearly $5500 raised for home expenses, a Sunday school and social building erected, and the church property improved otherwise Christian Endeavor work has been started, and men's club work revived. Mr. Frost goes to Southern California chiefly for the health of his oldest child, a boy nearly sixteen years of age.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

While three days of the past week have been stormy, with more or less of flurries of snow, and the other three days quite uncomfortable on account of a steady east wind, with a temperature ranging from 30 to 45 degrees above zero, Easter Sunday has been a fairly good day with only three showers, each not lasting more than ten minutes. Services appropriate to the day were held in all the churches of the city, and the attendance was unusually large.

The first devotional service was a sunrise prayer meeting that was held by a delegation of the Y. P. S. C. E. at seven o'clock a. m.

In the first Congregational Church the Sunday school had a specially arranged Easter program beginning at 9:50 a. m. and lasting until 11 o'clock, with an excelent attendance. Then the regular church service began, the Sunday school uniting therein. The sermon by Dr. Dyott was strong in its appeal to live the Christ life, his subject being "The Power of an Endless Life," and the attendance was unusually large. The service closed by receiving nineteen new members, and six infants were baptized. In the evening, in addition to the regular worshippers, a large delegation of Knights Templar were present and had a part in the program.

This city has been greatly honored in the last three days by the presence of Dr. Booker T. Washington, President of Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, who has spoken several times before commercial bodies, educational institutions, clubs, and churches, and invariably has won the sympathy and respect of all who have heard him, and his audiences have been large as well as truly representative. A club man said of him:

"Look at the face of Booker Washington in repose and it looks serious, mournful, as though the burden of his upward struggling race rested on him. Let him smile and the light of it is rare humor that brings response from the thousands he may face.

"And perhaps the biggest attraction about him is the feeling in the consciousness of his auditor that here is a man who lives significantly in a significant time. He is the leader of a great mass of dark-skinned people. He is trying to make white people believe in their future, while he tries to awaken his own people to his own ideal for them. He has the evidence of the beginning of success. One thinks of a Moses who arose to lead an oppressed people out of bondage; of a Saul of Tarsus who saw a great light, the knowledge of which he recorded, and through the medium of the printed page has been and will continue to be transmitted to succeeding generations; of a Lincoln who compelled the emancipation of slavery in the United States; and it is not difficult to believe that this big man of the colored race was raised at a time when the leadership of mind that he exercises is as essential to their well being as was the Emancipation Proclamation fifty years ago."

The Y. M. C. A.s of Seattle and Portland entered into membership contest a few days ago which closed last night, the Portland body being the winner by 200,000 points. Seattle's membership was increased by 684, and a fund ot $2,700.34; while Portland's membership was increased by 806, and a fund of $4,330.95.

Portland, March 23, 1913.

RECITAL OF THE BOOK OF JOB.

The dramatic recital on the Book of Job at Plymouth church Wednesday night was attended by a very large congregation. Mrs. James Hazlett, the reader, who is a member of our own First Congregational Church in San Francisco, made the old Biblical drama live for her auditors. The debate between Job and his three friends, Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar, was listened to with breathless interest. The voice of Jehovah from the whirlwind, and Job's final confession were solemn and inspiring and filled with a spiritual passion which lifted the congregation into the presence of the eternal realities.

Seldom has anything finer been heard in Oakland than this restrained and powerful interpretation of the masterpiece of Hebrew poetry. Both in scholarly analysis, and in vocal rendering the recital was of the highest order.

ALBERT W. PALMER.

The hare was sure he had time to pause
And to browse about and play.
So the tortoise won the race because
He just kept pegging away.

Men may scoff, and men may pray,
But they pay
Every pleasure with a pain. —W. E. Henley.

You cannot dream yourself into a character.
You must hammer, and forge yourself one.

Let us face the worst before believing in the best—"see all, nor be afraid."

The Home.

GOD'S CARE.

Fearest thou at times thy Father
Hath forgot?
Though the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt Him not.
Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath he comfort spoken,
Better hath He been for years
Than thy fears.

Therefore whatsoe'er betideth,
Night or day,
Know his love, for He provideth
Good alway.
Crown of sorrows gladly take;
Grateful, wear it for His sake,
Sweetly bending to His will,
Lying still.

To His own thy Saviour giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth,
Peace at length.
Weakest lambs have largest share
Of the tender Shepherd's care;
Ask Him not, then, "when" or "how,"
Only bow.—From the German.

THE VALUE OF DAILY ECONOMY.

Very striking have been the recent appeals of large railroad corporations to their employes to practice daily economy in the interest of the companies. Some roads have requested of every employe to save for them at least five cents per day. One of the large systems has prepared an interesting table illustrating the difficulty of earning money and the ease with which it can be disbursed. To earn a two-cent stamp, the road must transport a ton of freight three and one-half miles; to pay for a lead pencil requires the road to haul the ton two miles further; it has to be carried ten miles to pay for a pound of waste and seventy-five miles to pay for one red lantern globe, and one hundred miles for the entire lantern. Carelessness on the part of employes in these minor matters affects vitally the financial prosperity and credit of the road, and may impair dividends and delay just increase in wages. In countless ways it will tend to injure the best welfare of employer and employe. But economy will spell success.

This principle of carefulness in expenditure and economy in the use of materials should be followed by employes everywhere, whether a specific appeal is issued to them or not. It is a right principle. It promotes the general welfare. Money and materials should not be wasted—both are too valuable. The worth of money should be measured not by what it will buy, but by what it will earn. It takes a dollar, invested at 4 per cent, six months of continous work to earn a two-cent postage stamp. A sheet of good letter paper wasted will absorb the earnings of a dollar at 3 per cent for two entire months. The quarter wasted requires a dollar to remain in savings bank nearly eight years to restore it.

And the same principle of economy should be followed by every individual. Some one comes into possession of $100 and immediately spends $10 of it unwisely. Then, deciding to save, the $90 is deposited in a savings bank. It must remain at work there nearly four years before it can earn back the wasted $10. Just so much lost time. It is the many dollars at work which creates income and makes wealth.

Conclusion: Do not waste money. Use it wisely. And the wisest use of some portion of all you earn is to save for use when your earning power is gone. The greatest aid to saving is toopen a savings bank account and make deposits regularly.—L. A. Bowman of Chicago Saving Bank and Trust Co.

THINK HAPPINESS.

A way off in a little country town in California a mechanic's wife with a craving mind and a hungry heart is wondering what she can do to better herself mentally "Living among people who care only to work and slave, I have no pleasure, and confess that I am very discontented with my lot," she writes. "Can you tell me what to do to get what I want?"

Her case is typical of thousands of growing souls all over this great, ambitious, restless land. The money ambition has hold of our men, the ambition for mental advancement has possession of our women. To this woman, and to all like her, it is seemingly useless to say, "Learn the law of mental concentration," unless that law is explained. When it is explained, it sounds much like the old orthodox promise of "happiness in heaven" to the restless, discontented mind.

Yet in that law lies all the hope of bettering such conditions, I have known a brilliant, strong-willed, ambitious woman to beat her life out against the walls of such an environment with useless rebellion and unfocused longing.

Nothing came which she desired, and every hope receded in the dim horizon of the unattainable.

Had this woman used in concentrated hope and fixed purpose the same amount of energy she exhausted in rebellion and discontent all she desired would have come to her in time.

Thought is one form of energy.

If we waste our energy in discontent and rebellion against fate, we do not have it to use in shaping new conditions.

Let the discontented woman say as she goes about her daily tasks, "I am creating a beautiful home, a beautiful life, for my loved ones and for myself. All that I desire shall come to me. It is here already, only my eyes are not clear enough to see. Love, peace, happiness, beauty, rest, refinement all are mine."

Two years ago a business man was in the depths of despair, and nothing but trouble and discord enveloped him. He was given the key to better conditions by a friend who wrote out for him a list of words to say and meditate upon.

Instead of thinking of things as he found them, he thought of them as he desired them. Employment, success, prosperity, harmony, growth, happiness, opulence were the words given him for his rosary. At first in derision, then in amusement, then in curiosity, he began to repeat the words.

Suddenly he found a great calmness resulting from their

repetition. Then, with renewed interest, he continued, and new strength seemed to be given him. Hope followed, and the ambitions he had thought dead awoke to life.

Prosperity came next, and affluence stands near to-day.

The discontented woman should seek for cheerful, helpful literature while she waits for her life to blossom into happiness.

Every library in our land to-day should classify its books, so that optimistic volumes can be found as easily as the poetry, history or philosophy. More and more the world wants this mental food.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

"I must be strong of soul and stanch of heart.
No matter what the odds;
The long day's sturdy struggle is my part—
The far result is God's.

Not mine to wet the page of yesterday
With unavailing tears,
Nor strive to clear the mystery of a way
Far-leading through the years.

Mine just to meet and conquer, hour by hour,
The thing that men call Fate,
Going from strength to strength, from power to power,
Rising from state to state;

Fighting face starward, through the changing wars
With which a world is rife,
So that my soul may borrow from the stars
Courage and light and life;

Cleaving the shadows with unswerving faith,
That I may move aright;
Down to the valley of the shade of death—
Walking a path of light;

Till at the last, weary, I touch the goal,
And know the journey blest,
Ready, though stanch of heart and strong of soul,
Aye, ready—for my rest."

THE MAGIC WAND.

It was a hot summer morning. The two little daughters of the home had their usual daily tasks to perform, but this morning the duties seemed unusually irksome. Part had been finished, but the one task which still remained seemed just that much too much, and some very unhappy and complaining voices reached the mother's ear.

"Remember, children, it is all in your own spirit," she called to them. "You have done that same thing many times before and not found it hard because you did it cheerfully. Try that magic wand on it now—the magic of your own happy thoughts—and see the miracle it will work."

They took her advice, and soon laughter and happy voices brought joy to her heart. For she knew her little ones were learning one secret of a happy life—the power of thought to make hard things easy, to change disagreeable tasks into real pleasures.

What are we teaching our children about the power of thought? While they are young and forming life habits, while they are filling their minds with all kinds of wonderful truths, are we teaching them the truths about these minds themselves? The scientific relation of thought to their external lives? Are we training them to use this thought power with self-control under the guiding hand of the divine Spirit? Are we teaching them that every angry thought does real injury to their physical as well as their moral health? That every loving thought helps to make them rugged and strong and good? More important still, are we teaching them that by their own attitude toward their surroundings they can largely control their happiness in life?

Scientific facts appeal to the child. If we can show him that angry, fretful, rebellious thoughts not only are wrong, but actually affect his stomach so that he cannot properly digest his food, we have given him an added motive for cultivating health-giving, loving, harmonious thoughts. If we can teach him that his every thought molds his brain cells so that he thinks more easily in that way again; that these thought habits really make him what he is, we have gone a long way toward giving him the power to be what we want him to be. If we can make him realize that in his own spirit lies the source of his happiness, that "it is never so much the thing or condition, as our attitude to it, which counts," we have saved him much unnecessary misery for the future and taught him the secret of making his life happy.

We cannot often control our conditions in life, but we can control our attitude toward those conditions. Therein lies the secret of our peace and happiness. Are not things disagreeable or pleasant just according as we think them disagreeable or pleasant? "Nothing is hard unless you think it is," one man has said, and he was right. The earlier in life we get hold of these dynamic principles the earlier can we control our own happiness, and to a large extent our usefulness.

And so I plead for the children; that while they are forming their thought habits, before they have acquired as much to unlearn as some of their elders, they may be taught to know and use this God-givne power of thought for the purifying and strengthening of their characters and to make their lives a joy to themselves and a blessing to others.—Juliet Rumsey Stroh.

For The Children.

UNCLE TOM.

"Johnny!" called his mother.

"Yes'm," answered Johnny.

"I want you to go on an errand over to Mrs. Lee's."

"Is it the Mrs. Lee that's just moved here?" asked Johnny.

"Yes."

"The one where the great big grape-vine is?"

"Yes."

"I'll go."

He took the little basket she gave him, listened to what he was to say to Mrs. Lee, and set out on his walk, feeling very much interested in the big grape-vine.

It grew all over the trellis of a long piazza which reached along the front and around the side of the house. Johnny often passed it, and had watched it ever since the blossoms had come out in the spring, followed by the green grapes.

When they began to turn purple, Johnny looked longingly at them, wishing he could have some, and wondering why

somebody did not come to live in such a delightful place.

They came at last. Johnny was glad to see people about the house, and still more glad to learn that his mother knew them. Perhaps he should go there some day, and perhaps they would give him a bunch of those beautiful grapes.

"If somebody should be sitting on the porch," said Johnny to himself, as he walked, "I should go right up the steps and make a bow, and say, "If you please, ma'm, my mamma sent these flowers with her contentments—no, comperments, or something, and she hopes you very well.' And then perhaps she'll say: 'Tell your mother I'm very much obliged to her. And wouldn't you like a bunch of grapes? And I'll make another bow, and say, 'I'm not particular, thank you, ma'am.'"

Johnny just here set down his basket for a few moments to think whether it would be too much of a risk to say he was not particular. What if the lady should think he meant it?

"Pshaw!" he concluded. "They always know you mean that just for politeness. She'd smile just as mamma does and give me a jolly big bunch."

Having settled this, Johnny picked up his basket and walked briskly on.

But no one was on the porch as he drew near. He stepped in under the vine, rang at the door, and turned while he waited to look at the grapes.

If they had looked fine from the street, how much more so here!

"There's bushels and bushels of 'em," exclaimed Johnny, gazing up and down and all along the piazza.

No one came to the door, so he rang again. Then he walked around to the back door and knocked. Nobody was there, so he walked back to the piazza, and gave another ring.

"Nobody's at home," he said.

It was a disappointment. No one to say, "Wouldn't you like a bunch of grapes?" Johnny was hot and thirsty after his walk, and he longed for some.

"I don't believe it would be any harm for me to take just one bunch," said Johnny. "I guess the lady would have given me two or three bunches. If she was here, she'd be real sorry for me to go away without some, when I'm so thirsty. It's just the same as taking a drink of water. Everybody has a right to a drink of water."

The bright eyes looked keenly about to make sure that no one could be looking, as the small hands moved near the stem of the large bunch of grapes.

"Who's that? Who's that? Who's that?"

Johnny jumped as if he had been shot as the words were jerked out in a very harsh voice. It sounded like the voice of an old man Johnny thought.

"Quit, quit, quit, quit!" said the voice. "I'm coming! I'm coming!"

"I—ain't doing anything," said Johnny, in a trembling voice, as he hurried away from the grapes.

"Go 'way, go 'way, go 'way!" came next.

"I'm going."

Johnny picked up his basket, and ran from the house as fast as he could.

Mamma was sorry when she learned that he could not find Mrs. Lee.

"But I am going to see her in a few days, and you shall go with me," she said.

Johnny did not say anything about the grapes or the person who had ordered him away from the house. But he wanted never to go there again.

He hoped his mother would forget about taking him; but, when she called him to go with her, he thought he would rather go than tell her about it.

"Perhaps that man won't remember me," he said to himself.

Mrs. Lee was glad to see Johnny's mother, and they sat on the piazza and talked. Before long, Mrs. Lee said to Johnny:—

"Don't you want some grapes, dear? Help yourself, and I must give you a basket, so you can take some home."

Johnny did not care half so much for the grapes as he had the other day; but he picked a bunch, and sat down on the step to eat it.

"Who's that? Who's that? Go 'way, go 'way! Quit, quit!"

It was the same dreadful voice. Johnny dropped his grapes, and looked around in terror.

"There's that noisy Uncle Tom," said Mrs. Lee, laughing. "Do you want to come and see him?"

"What's the matter? Quit, quit, quit!" screamed the voice. Johnny did not want to see Uncle Tom, and did not offer to go to him.

"Never mind, he's coming," said Mrs. Lee. "He sits around there in the piazza all day sometimes. Come along, Uncle Tom."

Johnny felt very much like running away. Here was the person who had seen him just on the point of taking something which was not his own.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," said the harsh voice. Johnny waited for him with a sinking heart. If Uncle Tom was as dreadful as his voice, what a dreadful old man he must be! He would probably tell his mother and Mrs. Lee all about what he had seen the other day.

"Who's that? Who's that?" cried Uncle Tom, as he came from the side piazza.

He was very small, not so high as Johnny's knees. He wore a coat of bright green, with little dabs of red near the tails, and a bit of a red cap on his head.

"I'm coming! I'm coming! Who's that? Who's that?" he cried, as he solemnly strutted toward them.

Johnny stared for a moment, and then laughed and laughed till Mrs. Lee and his mother laughed with him. Then Mrs. Lee brought a cracker, and gave it to him to feed Uncle Tom; and they became fast friends. Tom sang "Yankee Doodle" and "Captain Jinks" for him, and talked all the words he knew.

Johnny told his mother afterward how near he had come to taking the grapes, concluding with:—

"I tell you what, mamma, I'm glad enough that Tom stopped me just in time. And I tell you," Johnny clenched his fists and shook his head with a determined look, "I'm never going to do a thing again that'll make me afraid to go where I'll see an old parrot—or anybody else."—Sydney Dayre in Christian Register.

SMILE.

Billy was in his father's office, for a short visit. His father is superintendent of the oil mills, and a very busy man, but he is always willing to stop and explain things to his little son.

"Daddy," said Billy, "what is that big word in that brown picture frame over your desk?"

"Can't you spell it, son? A big boy, almost through the first reader, shouldn't have trouble in spelling a longer word than that."

"S-m-i-l-e, smile," spelled Billy. "Why did you hang that up there, daddy?"

"Did you ever know a boy that sometimes gets mad, and pouts, and frowns when he can't have his way? He doesn't always smile, and say, 'All right, mamma, I'm coming.' Sometimes this boy frowns, and fusses, when he is called from play to amuse his little sister. Did you ever meet such a boy Billy?"

Billy dropped his head and looked sheepish.

"Well," continued his father, grown-up men can't always have their way, and sometimes they get mad, and act naughty. I keep that motto right where I can see it, to remind me that frowning and getting cross never does any good. Smile, and things always look brighter, and you feel better."

"Daddy, I wish I had a motto like that. I would hang it over my bed, where I could see it first thing in the morning, and maybe I would remember to smile, before I had come to get mad."

"Very well, son. I have another one like this that I'll have framed for you, and every time you see it, you will think of the other motto reminding me to keep cheerful, and if we both try hard, soon it won't be any trouble at all for use to smile, even when things don't exactly please us."—Ex

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THE BEAUTIFUL DARK.

Oh, I am not afraid at night,
I think such happy things;
I play the Dark is just a bird,
I cuddle neath her wings.
Such lovely, lovely wings has she,
I closer, closer creep;
I think awhile my happy thoughts,
Then somehow I'm asleep.

My mother says it's just a hand
God reaches down to me;
I feel its close and tender touch,
Its form I may not see;
I raise an eager, answering hand,
I do not seek so far!
Oh, Dark, that soothes a little child,
How beautiful you are!

RIGHT HERE AND JUST NOW.

"If I'd 'a' been born," says Sy Slocum to me,
"In some other far-away clime,
Or if I could 'a' had my existence," says he,
"In some other long-ago time,
I know I'd 'a' flourished in purty fine style
And set folks a-talkin', I 'low,
But what troubles me is there's nothin' worth while
A-doin' right here and jest now."

"Them folks that can dwell in a country," says Sy,
"Where they don't have no winter nor storm,
And the weather ain't ready to freeze 'em or fry,
By gettin' too cold or too warm,
Have got all the time that they want to sit down
And think out a project so great
That it's jest about certain to win 'em renown
And bring 'em success while they wait."

Says Sy, "Folks a-livin' here ages ago,
Before all the chances had flown
For makin' a hit, wouldn't stand any show
To-day at a-holdin' their own.
Good times 'ill come back to our planet, I'low,
When I've faded out of the scene;
But it hurts me to think that right here and jest now
Is a sorry betwixt and between."

At that I got tired a-hearin' Sy spout,
And says I, "Sy, you like to enthuse
Regardin' the marvelous work you'd turn out
If you stood in some other man's shoes;
But, while all your 'might-' a'-been' praises you sing,
It's worth while rememberin' as how
That no man on earth ever done the first thing
That he didn't do here and jest now."

—Nixon Waterman

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Everything about the house that Bessie wanted specially to play with was always "too nice for little girls to handle." Finally one day she asked wistfully; "Mamma, may I carry the baby awhile?"

"No, indeed, my little darling," refused her mother; "you are too young and small; you might let it fall."

"Well, mamma," was her disappointed response, "then may I have it when it is worn out?"—Ex.